DIET AND TEMPER.

A Claim That Meat Eating Tends to Sour the Disposition.

A butcher claims that meat eating is responsible for most of the bad temper that exists in the world.

"Who are the heaviest meat eaters?" he asked. "The English. And who have the worst dispositions? Why, the English. Everybody knows that.

"Go to England, and they'll give you nothing fit to eat but meat. Morning, noon and night they'll set before you the best meat in the world, but no vegetables to speak of, no desserts, no entrees; meat only.

"The consequence of all this meat eating is that the red faced Englishman is worse than a bear to have around the house.

"If you go to France you don't get much meat. The French like fruit, vegetables, salads, a little fish and a little chicken. I'd venture to say that an Englishman eats more meat in a day than a Frenchman does in a week.

"What effect on his disposition does the Frenchman's less gross food have? A good effect. The French are polite. The world over they are noted for their politeness and good humor.

"But the Japs prove my point best. The mass of the Japanese people live on rice and fruit and sweetmeats and fish. They don't touch meat from one year's end to another. And their temperance and delicacy at table give them the best dispositions in the world. On the streets of Japan there is never any fighting or quarreling. You never see a disturbance of any kind among that people. Tolerance, courtesy, high bred and ceremonious manners are as prevalent in Japan as grumbling in England.

"What is the philosophy of all this? Why, simply that meat is a stimulant, like beer, and that after the brief happy effect of this stimulant has worn off there comes a long effect of ill humor and irritability. All heavy meat eaters have bad dispositions, because they are always suffering from their food's aftermath—because they are always, so to speak, getting over a spree.

"This holds good, too, among animals. Lions, tigers, leopards and the rest of the carnivora are fierce and treacherous and mean. The herbivora—elephants, antelopes, camels—are good tempered, mild creatures."—New York Telegram.

Why Bruinski Left.

Bruinski, the pet bear of the Columbia's jackies, was not sent to the zoo because he tried to eat the captain's dog, says an officer of the ship, but because he turned a solemn ceremony into a farce. Every day after dinner Bruinski and his particular friends indulged in a nap. Bruinski stretched himself out on the deck, and his chums spread themselves around him, using him as a pillow. Just after Captain Wilde took command of the yard he sent word that he was going to visit the ship at a certain hour.

The men were mustered as quickly as possible to receive him with all the honors. Bruinski's friends, with the others, responded to the boatswain's call, but Bruinski slumbered on until after the men were all lined up on deck. Then he roused and, missing his friends, went to seek them. He mounted to the deck where the men were lined up and, erect on his hind feet, passed slowly down the long line until he came to the group of his associates.

Then he turned and, backing slowly, wedged himself into the line. His solemn visage and pendulous paws were too much for the commandant as well as the other officers. The ceremony was cut short and Bruinski hustled below. The captain of the ship thought the presence of the bear could be dispensed with after that, and he received permanent shore leave.—Philadelphia Press.

New York and Educators.

New York city is gradually drawing the strongest educators to service in public or private institutions. Columbia university has just captured Dr. John Dewey. Messrs. Atkinson, Finley, McMurty, Gilbert, Edson, Marble and a host of others of high standing have been summoned to Gotham in the past few years. Many of them will wear themselves out in the strenuous conditions of New York life, but the fact remains that they are there and at work. If Boston were to change its superintendent the first move should be to secure one of the biggest educators of the country to fill his place.—Boston Transcript.

Church Wants the Pews.

At Kirkham parish church, England, the greater portion of the pew rents, instead of swelling the exchequer of the church, go into the pockets of private individuals, who, for the most part, do not attend the church or even reside in the district. The peculiar situation originated in 1823, when, to meet the expenses of rebuilding the church, about forty pews and a few organ seats were put up for auction and realized amounts varying from $175 to $900. The churchwardens are endeavoring to come to an arrangement with the pew owners with a view to securing a larger share of the rents for the benefit of the church.

The Bishop of London.

Dr. Ingram, bishop of London, conveys the idea of a man born to command. It has been said of him that in olden days he probably would have enforced his especial brand of theology with a battleax. In his ordinary clothes he irresistibly reminds one of Sherlock Holmes on the trail—a long aquiline nose, piercing gray eyes, lean, strong jaw and thin, curving lips. But with his smile all this vanishes, and the bishop becomes a genial humorist, a large hearted, warm blooded man.

Recasting His Phrases.

"It's curious that women are never great poets or great musicians," said Mr. Meekton.

"What did you say?" asked his wife.

"I was merely remarking that women are too sensible to squander their energies on poetry and music to the extent that some men do."—Washington Star.

Justifiably Jilted.

Boggs—Why did Toggs break his engagement with Miss Sadbird? Joggs—Because when he took her for a walk up Fifth avenue he found that none of the men stared at her.—Princeton Tiger.

Got His Wish.

Tommy — Ma, I wish you'd gimme some cake. Mother—Tommy, didn't I tell you not to ask for any cake? Tommy—I ain't askin'. I'm jest wishin'.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer every hazard. The fearful are the falling.

FAMOUS BATTLE SONGS.

Two Instances Where the Tide Was Turned by Singing Them.

There are two instances on record of a battle being won by a war song. In the fifth century Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, bishop of Troyes, were sent into Britain to refute the doctrines of Pelagius. During their stay in this island the Picts and Scots, hearing that the Roman legion had been withdrawn, commenced hostilities and drove the Britons from the northern to the more southern parts of the island. Germanus, at the request of the hard pressed islanders, led them against the Picts and Scots, who had advanced as far as Mold, in Flintshire.

The bishop, having been a military commander in his youth, placed his men in an advantageous position and then started one of the songs of the church. This song began at the commencement of the battle, and so vociferously did the Britons sing the refrain, "Halleluiah," that the hills, echoing with the sound, terrified their enemies and caused them to flee in all directions. This was called the hallelujah victory. The date is fixed by all historians at A. D. 429.

The second instance occurred on the 6th of November, 1792, when the French, under Dumouriez, encountered the Austrians at Jemmapes, in Belgium. The day was going dead against the French, when Dumouriez ran out to the front and raised the "Marseillaise." Forty thousand voices instantly took up the chorus, and, inspired by the magic of the battle song, the French rallied and fell so furiously upon the Austrians that the tide of battle was completely turned and victory given for defeat.—Pearson's Weekly.

HAWTHORNE'S WORKS.

The High Standard They Have Set For American Literature.

Two things are to be remembered when Hawthorne's name is mentioned. First, the glory he reflects upon American literature. Little has been done by us in letters or art that is quite of the highest order except the works of Hawthorne. These have the clear promise of perpetuity. The themes are of supreme and universal moment. He rises to their meaning and depicts them in commensurate form. He is not a preacher to cry aloud, but an artist who paints, yet not without a heart that throbs in pity and a fancy that muses over the wonder of it and will not suffer the pall of darkness to hang over it forever. That we have in Hawthorne an author whose work in these high fields of thought is crowned with unimpeachable honor and is sure of perpetual remembrance is a constant satisfaction as years go by.

But Hawthorne has a wider claim upon our gratitude—namely, the fact that he has set the seal of glorious achievement in letters upon the moral laws of our nature. The greatest things done in literature have been of this sort. They alone, from Job down, are remembered and cherished in the ages. Hawthorne is our only exponent of genius in this field, and how superbly has he filled it! His message is that of Dante and St. Paul and all great moralists—whatever a man does to another he does to himself, whether it be good or evil. Men will forever dwell in this truth and will never forget those gifted souls who see it clearly and set it forth in perfect forms of literary art.—Century.

At the Top of the Ladder.

A woman whose acquaintance with the methods and opportunities of work in a modern newspaper office is of the slightest was talking to a friend about her son's start in life. The young man had just left college and had secured a position as reporter on one of the important New York dailies in the humble capacity which is the usual lot of the "cub" journalist, that of a police court reporter. His mother was enthusiastic over his good fortune.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, "they've given him such a splendid position. He's the crime editor at the police court!"—Harper's Weekly.

An Old Fashioned Salve.

An old recipe used for over 100 years in the writer's family and excellent for gatherings, cuts, chilblains, etc., is made thus: Put one-quarter of a pound of pure beeswax, one-quarter of a pound of rosin and one-quarter of a pound of mutton suet (freed from all skin) into a jar and place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water. When the mixture has thoroughly dissolved stir and pour it into little pots or jars. It is an old fashioned but most effective remedy.—New York News.

Getting a Good Start.

"Miss Sophie," beloved benefactress of half the poor of New Orleans, sat at her desk writing when an elderly woman who had made many previous demands upon her was ushered in.

"Oh, Miss Sophie," she said breathlessly, "I want to borrow a dollar, please, right away."

"What do you need the money for, Ermagarde?"

"Well, now, you see, I'm going to get married, and I need it for the license."

"But if the man you are to marry cannot pay for the license how is he going to support you?"

"That's just what I want to explain to you, Miss Sophie. You see, tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and we are coming to your free dinner. Then you always give us something to take home, and in the evening the King's Daughters are going to have a basket distribution, and we shall each get one. That will keep us a week easily, and by that time we'll be on our feet."

Chaucer's Face In a Stone.

In the geological branch of the British museum the visitor is shown a wonderful specimen of natural imitation in a small "ribbon jasper." This stone, the material of which is not unlike that of other banded agates, has upon its surface a perfect miniature portrait of the poet Chaucer. Every detail is startlingly correct. There are the white face, the pouting lips, the broad, low forehead and even the whites of the slightly upturned eyes. The attendants say that it is utterly impossible to convince even some of the educated visitors that it is not an artificial production.

Rhymes For Timbuktu.

Timbuktu is chiefly interesting as the subject of verses submitted for a prize offered many years ago by Punch for rhymes to that curious name. One of the verses was:

If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuktu,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn book too.

Another, with a more perfect rhyme, ran thus:

As I was hunting on the plains,
All on the plains of Timbuktu,
A buck was all I got for my pains,
And he was a slim buck too.

FRAEULEIN KRUPP.

The Richest Girl In the World Is Guarded by Detectives.

It is one of the grim ironies of fate that a young girl, barely of age, should be in a sense responsible for the bloodshed in the struggle between Russia and Japan, owing to the fact that she supplied both powers with practically all of their guns. The young woman in question is Miss Krupp, who, on the death of her father, became chief proprietor of the world famed Krupp works at Essen and likewise became the wealthiest woman in the world.

The heiress seems to have inherited some of the family capacity for industrial organization, for she takes the greatest pride and delight in supervising the work of the different departments and declares that at some future time she will have gained sufficient experience to take an active part in the direction of affairs.

Meanwhile her interference in business matters is limited to passive supervision, but she takes a more active part in controlling the management of the numerous auxiliary departments of the establishment. The schools for the children of her employees and the hospitals for the care of the sick receive regular visits from her, and she has a sharp eye for defects of all kinds.

Knowing human nature, it is hardly surprising to find that Miss Krupp's employees do not appreciate her good qualities and charitable ways. Living in Miss Krupp's houses, sending their children to her schools, applying to her hospitals when they or their families are sick, attending her churches, drinking beer in her restaurants, buying meat from her slaughter houses, flour from her mills, bread from her bakeries and hats and clothes from her stores make them feel that they are her serfs, and not freeborn laborers.

Miss Krupp's charitable disposition has become known to the general public in Germany, with the result that she receives on an average over 200 purely begging letters a day, and over 150 letters daily entreating her to give a position in the works to some worthy young man.

She also has to undergo some of the inconveniences which are generally confined to emperors and kings. Her vast wealth and the ownership of an entire city make her a likely target for anarchists' bullets, and her friends are in constant fear of her assassination. For this reason her guardians have insisted on her being continually guarded by a special corps of detectives, who are always in her vicinity.—London Mail.

A Great Capital City.

Indianapolis, like Jerusalem, "a city at unity with itself," where the tribes assemble, and where the seat of judgment is established, is in every sense the capital of all the Hoosiers. With the exception of Boston and Providence it is the largest state capital in the country, and no other American city without water communication is as large. It is distinguished primarily by the essentially American character of its people. The total foreign born population of Indianapolis at the last census was only 17,000, whereas Hartford, which is only half the size of the city of Indianapolis, returned 23,000; Rochester, with 7,000 fewer people, returned 40,000, and Worcester, in a total of 118,000, reported 37,000 as foreign born. A considerable body of Germans and German-Americans have contributed much to the making of the city, but the town has been passed over by the Swedes, Poles and Bohemians that are to be reckoned within many American cities. There are, however, 5,000 negro voters in the city. Indianapolis is marked again by the stability of its population. A large percentage of the householders own their homes, and a substantial body of labor is thus assured to the community.—Meredith Nicholson in Atlantic.

Pronunciations That Signified.

Senator Stone of Missouri once made a famous remark to the effect that the only way to "carve" a watermelon is to "bust 'er." He said, however, in a recent interview that every state has its own peculiar way of doing things and, among others, its own style of pronouncing words. "It is related," said the senator to a Des Moines Times reporter, "that, when the first tide of New England settlers began to drift to Kansas, Missourians tied a cow at each crossing of the Missouri river. If the emigrant said 'cow' he was permitted to cross, but if he pronounced it 'keow' he was told to return to the east, because the natives were satisfied he was an evil minded abolitionist. The Kansas people evened up by tying a bear on their side of the river, and if the emigrant said 'bear' he was given the right hand of fellowship, but if he pronounced it 'bar' he was given an hour to get back to Missouri, because he was an advocate of slavery."

Korean Women and the Gospel.

Two pictures significant of the changes wrought among women in Korea through the preaching of the gospel are given in the Scottish Missionary Record. In the year 1896 Messrs. Moffett and Lee first undertook to preach to Korean women in Pingyang. Mrs. Lee came with four or five women and sat behind a curtain which divided the church from a little adjoining room. Other women in dirty clothes would keep talking and walking about. Mr. Moffett, as he preached, would clap his hands and say, "Keep quiet while I talk to you," and the elders would call out "Shut up!" Six years after, in 1902, Mr. Moffett spoke in the great new church of Pingyang to 600 women, of whom 550 sat on the raised seats next the platform. Six hundred unkempt, dirty women six years ago; now 600 Christians!—Exchange.

An Odd Globe.

A great globe ornamented with the map of the earth carved in stone decorates the estate of an eccentric Englishman at Swanage. It stands overlooking the sea and is visible for quite a distance. One may walk about it and study it in detail. The plain surfaces, such as the oceans, lakes and deserts, are decorated with Scriptural texts, which are supposed to apply especially to the locality they occupy.

A Short Story.

Chapter I.—"I think you are just the bestest, goodest husband in all the world!"

Chapter II.—"I wonder how much she wants?"

Chapter III.—"And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to?"

The Business Man.

"Don't you think he rather likes me?"

"Oh, well enough to consent to your marriage to his daughter, but I don't think you'd better try to borrow any money from him."—Chicago Post.

MISTAKES IN LIFE

Brooding Over Them Is Useless and Unprofitable Work.

One of the most unprofitable ways of spending time is the practice, to which many persons are addicted, of brooding over the mistakes one has made in life and thinking what he might have been or achieved if he had not done at certain times just what he did do. Almost every unsuccessful man in looking over his past career is inclined to think that it would have been wholly different but for certain slips and blunders—certain hasty, ill considered acts into which he was betrayed almost unconsciously and without a suspicion of their consequences.

As he thinks of all the good things of this world—honor, position, power and influence—of which he has been deprived in some mysterious, inexplicable way, he has no patience with himself, and as it is painful and humiliating to dwell long upon one's own follies it is fortunate if he does not implicate others—friends and relatives—in his disappointments. Perhaps, as education has never been free from mistakes—mistakes indeed of every kind—he imputes the blame to his early training, in which habits of thoroughness and accuracy or, again, of self reliance and independence of thought may not have been implanted. Perhaps a calling was chosen for him by his parents without regard to his peculiar talents or tastes and preferences, or if he was allowed to choose for himself it was when his judgment was immature and unfit for the responsibility. The result was that the square man got into the round hole or the triangular man got into the square hole or the round man squeezed himself into the triangular hole.—Success.

Rousseau's Affectation.

Rousseau lived long on his fifth floor in Paris, forgotten by the world which he affected to despise and from affectation really shunned, when an accident happened to him in one of his solitary walks. He was met in a narrow part of the street by M. de Fargeau, driving very fast in his carriage, and in his attempt to get out of the way was pushed down by a large Danish dog running before the horses. M. de Fargeau immediately stopped his coach and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down, but when he saw it was the author of "Emilius" he renewed his apologies and attentions.

The next day he sent to ask after Rousseau.

"Tell your master to chain up his dog," was the only answer.

Miss Tennant's Reply.

The death of Henry M. Stanley recalls many anecdotes not only of the great explorer, but of his beautiful widow, who was Miss Dorothy Tennant. She and her sister were brought into some unenviable notoriety by E. F. Benson's "Dodo," which one of them is said to have inspired. While the novel was the rage the author wrote to Miss Tennant: "Dear Miss Tennant—The whole world is talking about you and about my book. When may I call?" For reply he was told: "Dear Mr. Benson—Have you really written a book? How sweet of you! Call any time." But she was never at home.

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Stations	92 Mail	82 N. & N.Y. Exp.	94 N Y. Exp.	80 Delmar Accom
Leave...A.M.		P M.	A.M	P.M
Portsmouth....		5 30	7 25	
Norfolk.....		6 15	7 45	
O. P. Comfort..		7 30	8 40	
Cape Charles...		9 25	10 55	6 05
Bayview.....				f6 10
Cheriton.....		c 9 35	f11 03	6 14
Cobbs..... ..		c 9 28	f11 05	f6 19
Eastville.....		c 9 45	11 12	6 26
Machipongo....		c 9 52	f11 19	6 33
Bird's Nest.....		c 9 59	11 24	6 39
Nassawadox....		c10 05	11 30	6 46
Exmore..... .		c10 15	11 38	6 55
Mappsburg.....		c10 22	f11 45	7 02
Keller.....		c10 29	11 50	7 10
Melfa.....		c10 35	f11 55	7 16
Only.....		c10 42	f12 03	7 23
Tasley..... ...		10 48	12 09	7 30
Greenbush....				
Parksley... ...		c11 00	12 20	7 41
Mason.....				17 46
Bloxom.....		c11 07	f12 27	7 50
Hallwood... ...		c11 15	12 35	7 57
Bloomtown.....		c11 19	f12 38	8 03
Oak Hall..... ..		c11 24	f12 42	8 08
LeCato....				f8 11
New Church....		c11 31	12 51	8 17
Pocomoke.....	6 25	11 46	1 06	8 30
Costen.....	6 36			f8 38
King's Creek..	6 40		1 26	8 46
Princess Anne	7 00	12 10	1 31	9 00
Loretto.....	7 05			19 08
Eden.....	7 10			9 14
Fruitland.....	7 18			9 24
Salisbury.....	7 37	12 35	1 49	9 36
B.C. & A. Jun.	7 43			9 40
Delmar.....	7 55	12 55	2 10	10 00
Arrive....A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Arrive.....	P.M.	A.M.
Baltimore (Union Station).....	6 10	7 10
Wilmington.....	4 15	5 00
Phila (Broad St. Station).....	5 18	5 44
Trenton.....		
Newark.....		
New York(P. R. R.	8 00	8 15

SOUTHWARD

	87 N.Y. Norfolk Exp.	89 Old Point Exp.	81 C.C. Acco.
Leave.....	P.M.	A.M.	A M
New York(P. R. R.	8 30	7 55	
Newark.....	8 43		
Trenton.....	9 57		
Phila. (Broad St. Station).....	11 05	10 16	
Wilmington.....	11 50	10 58	
Baltimore (Union Station).....	7 50	8 00	

Leave....	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A. M
Delmar.....	11 32	2 49	1 35	7 25
B.C & A Jun.	11 43			7 36
Salisbury.....	11 46	3 00	1 49	7 50
Fruitland.....	11 56			8 00
Eden..... ..	12 01			8 06
Loretto.....	f12 06			f8 11
Princess Anne.	12 15	3 16	2 04	8 18
King's Creek ..	12 35		2 19	8 24
Costen.....	12 40			f8 33
Pocomoke.....	1 00	3 26	2 25	8 45
New Church		b3 46	2 35	8 55
LeCato				f9 00
Oak Hall.....			f2 42	9 03
Bloomtown.....		b3 55	f2 46	9 08
Hallwood		b3 59	2 53	9 13
Bloxom.....		b4 06	f2 59	9 20
Mason.....				f9 23
Parksley		b4 13	3 07	9 27
Greenbush....				
Tasley.....		4 23	3 17	9 37
Only.....		b4 27	f3 22	9 42
Melfa.....			f3 28	9 49
Keller.....		b4 36	3 35	9 55
Mappsburg.....		b4 41	f3 41	10 01
Exmore.....		b4 48	3 49	10 08
Nassawadox.....		b4 55	3 57	10 14
Bird's Nest.....		b5 01	4 04	10 19
Machipongo.....		b5 07	f4 10	10 24
Eastville.....		b5 14	4 17	10 31
Cobbs.....		b5 20	f4 23	f10 37
Cheriton.....		b5 23	f4 27	10 41
Bayview.....				f10 44
Cape Charles....		5 43	4 40	10 50
O. P. Comfort.		7 35	6 35	
Norfolk.....		8 45	8 00	
Portsmouth.....		9 05	8 15	
Arrive.....	P.M.	A.M	P.M	A.M.

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